

PETER PINDAR's

Third Epistle to his Cousin in the Country.

AGAIN, my dear Cousin, I send you a letter,
Not worse than my last, but perhaps something better ;
Howe'er, you'll be able to judge as you read,
So, without further preface, I mean to proceed.

I'm told that *some* folks with my last were offended,—
Why then my point's gain'd ; 'twas the thing I intended :
Had *they* laugh'd when *I* laugh'd, they'd have baffled my aim,
And convinc'd all the world I'd mistaken my game ;
But since they're resolv'd to be waspish and furly,
I'll kick up amongst them a fore hurly-burly.
Poor things ! they're not fit to be seen in elections ;
Their feelings are delicate like their complexions ;
And when they appear in such strange kind of bustles,
They 'wake into play all our risible muscles.
What pleasure, dear Coz, 'tis to draw forth the pen,
And give an account of such odd sort of men ;
'Tis the province of Poets, as lovers of mirth,
To joke with the knave, and the man of no worth ;
And, mark what I say, at such whimsical fun
I should laugh—were I sure to die ere I'd done.

And now, my dear Madam, to stick to my plan,
Let me give you a trait of a wonderful man :
'The great Doctor Rhubarb*, in G—s's Broad-street,
Whose long, dangling arms almost reach to his feet ;
He's a shrewd, artful wight, and can easily tell
What will keep you in health, or, when ill, make you well ;
Yet, prithee, ne'er trust to his deep searching skill ;
For though he *can* do it, I don't say he *will*.
If once a man's seiz'd with a stubborn disease,
He can still keep him so, for the sake of his fees ;
And, believe me, dear Couzin, whate'er be his lot,
He'll get what he can, where there's aught to be got.

To the picture of such a strange mortal as this,
A just color'd contrast will not be amiss ;
But how shall my muse give a delicate sketch
Of a child dropt by chance from an infamous wretch ;
'Tis a difficult task, yet the subject, I hope,
Will, for satire and laughter, afford ample scope :
Of all the vile wretches, that ever were seen,
This fellow's the most so of any, I ween ;
He sprang, I'm inform'd, from the worst of all mothers,
And had really more *fires* than Joseph L. brothers ;
Then sure this high-finish'd mortal is blest,
With all the rare vices his *fathers* possess ;
And will doubtless be found, when he cease to exist,
Prick'd down with *old* G—d—ge on the d—v—I's long list.

But now let me try to afford you some sport,
With W—t—n, who closes the rear of the court ;
He's a fine jolly man, it may truly be said,
But his body is far better stor'd than his head ;
Yet why should he be by his brethren neglected ?
Where sense was ne'er given, it can't be expected ;
And tho' he's a bl—kh—d, I'll venture to tell,
Would he keep himself silent, he'd pass very well.

And now my dear Coz, let me finish my letter,
And close for the present the stream of my satire ;
For straiten'd for time, I must bid you adieu,
Nor mention one more, tho' I've twenty in view ;
But when I'm at leisure again to compose,
I'll send an account of the town as it goes.

NORWICH,
August 5, 1786.

Your's, &c.
PETER PINDAR.

* The Doctor, it seems, has a very high opinion of the virtues of rhubarb, and therefore prescribes it to his patients in all cases ; and Peter Pindar entertaining the like favorable opinion of his own physic, has prescribed this dose, *gratis*, for the purpose of *strengthening* the Doctor's *revels*.